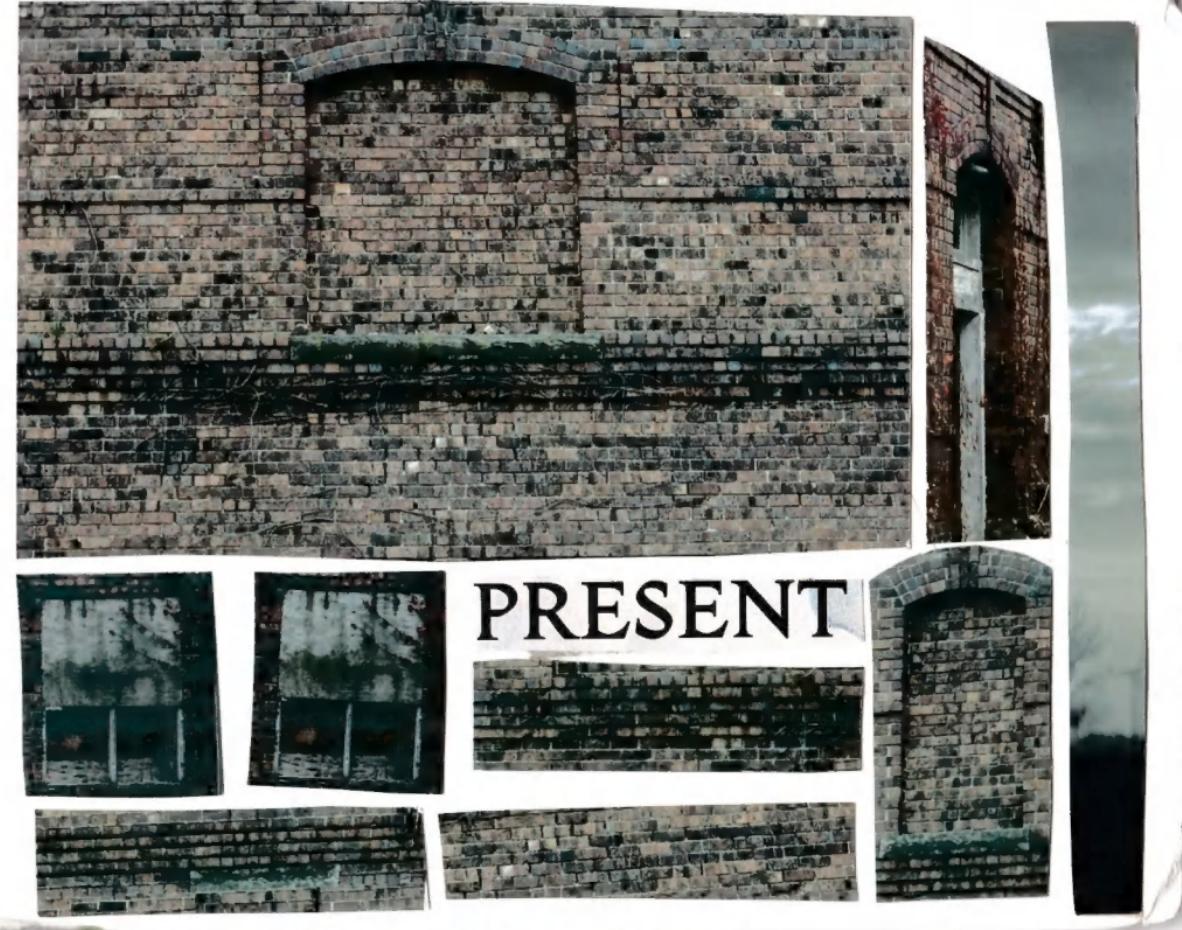


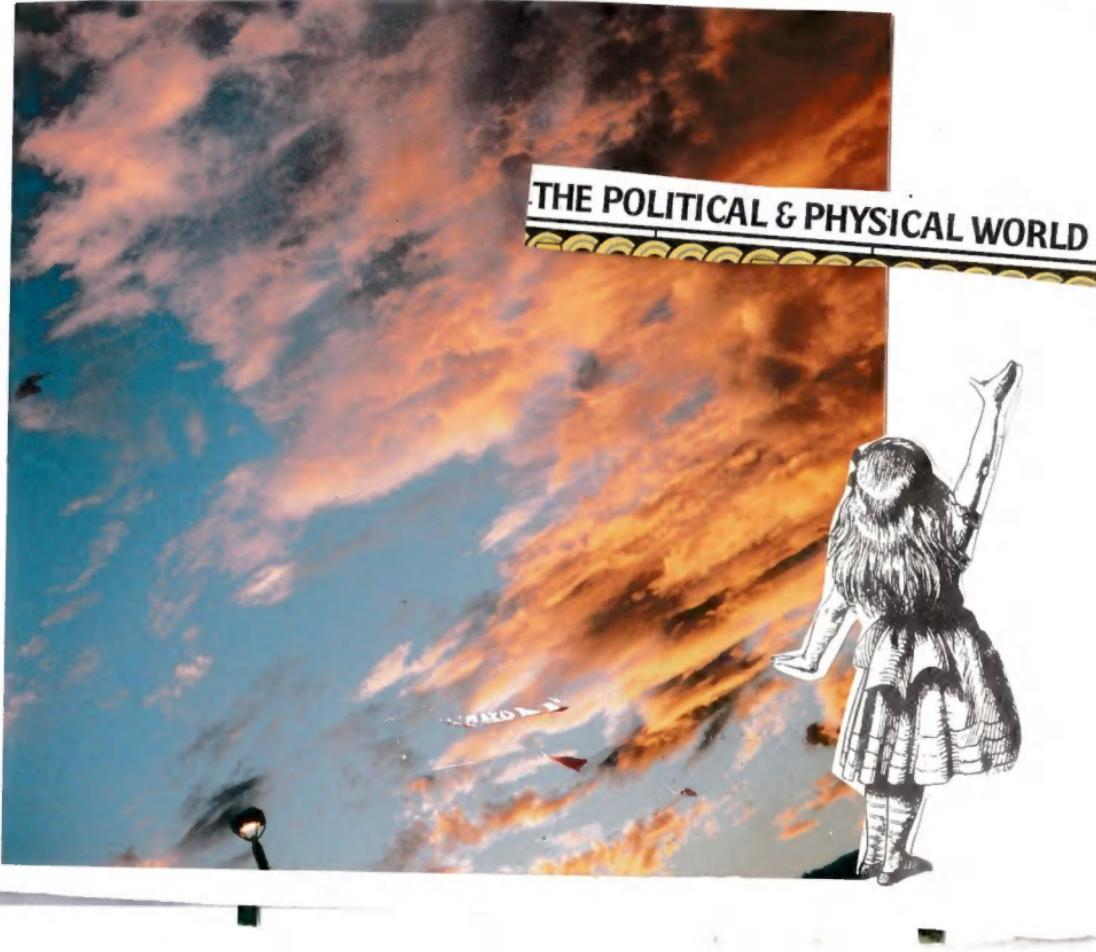
CHANGE
UNCERTAINTY
TO
INDEPENDENCE



summer 2011







"What *can* it all mean?" he kept repeating to himself, as, with his hands clasped behind him,

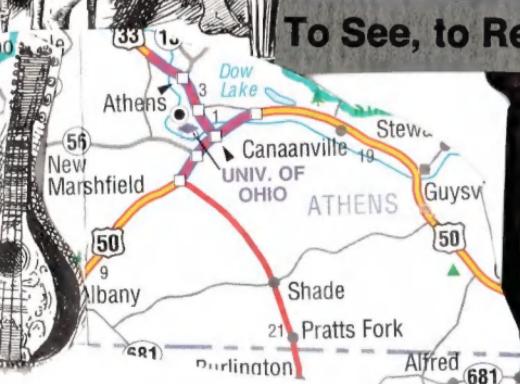


"It's very nice to be loved," she said: "but it's nicer to love other people!"



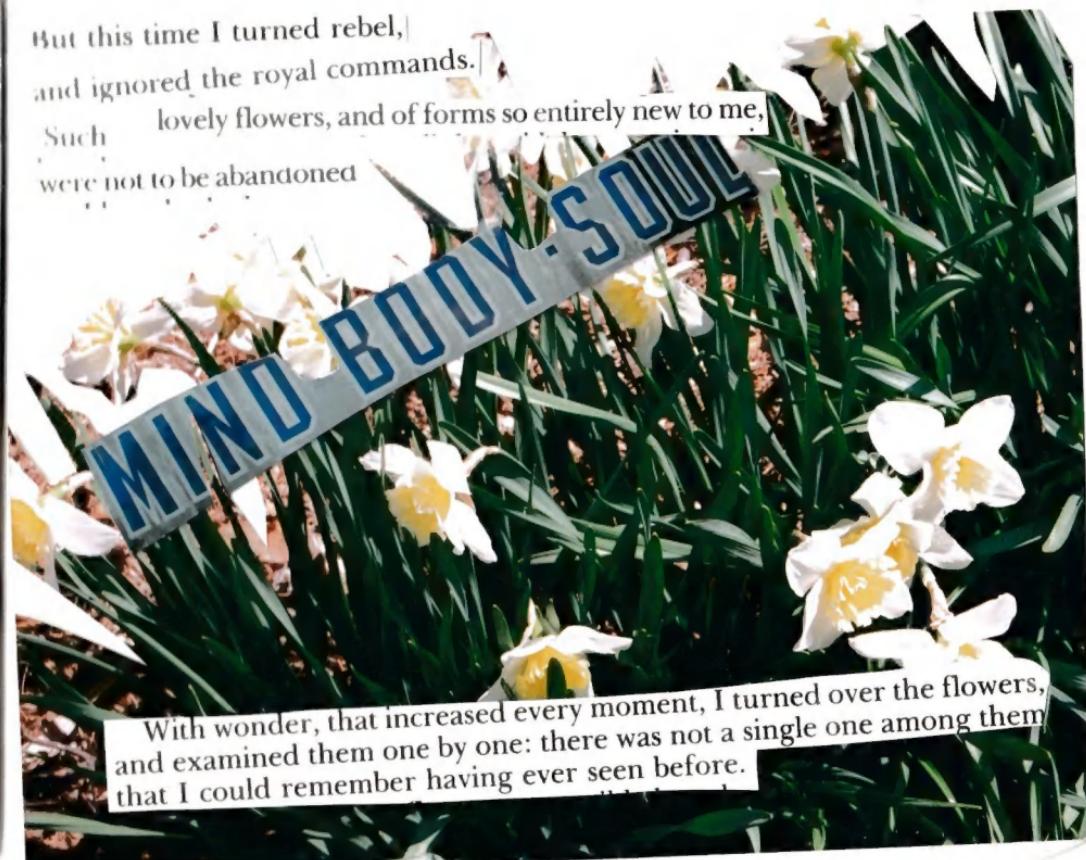
IN the dark silence of an ancient room,

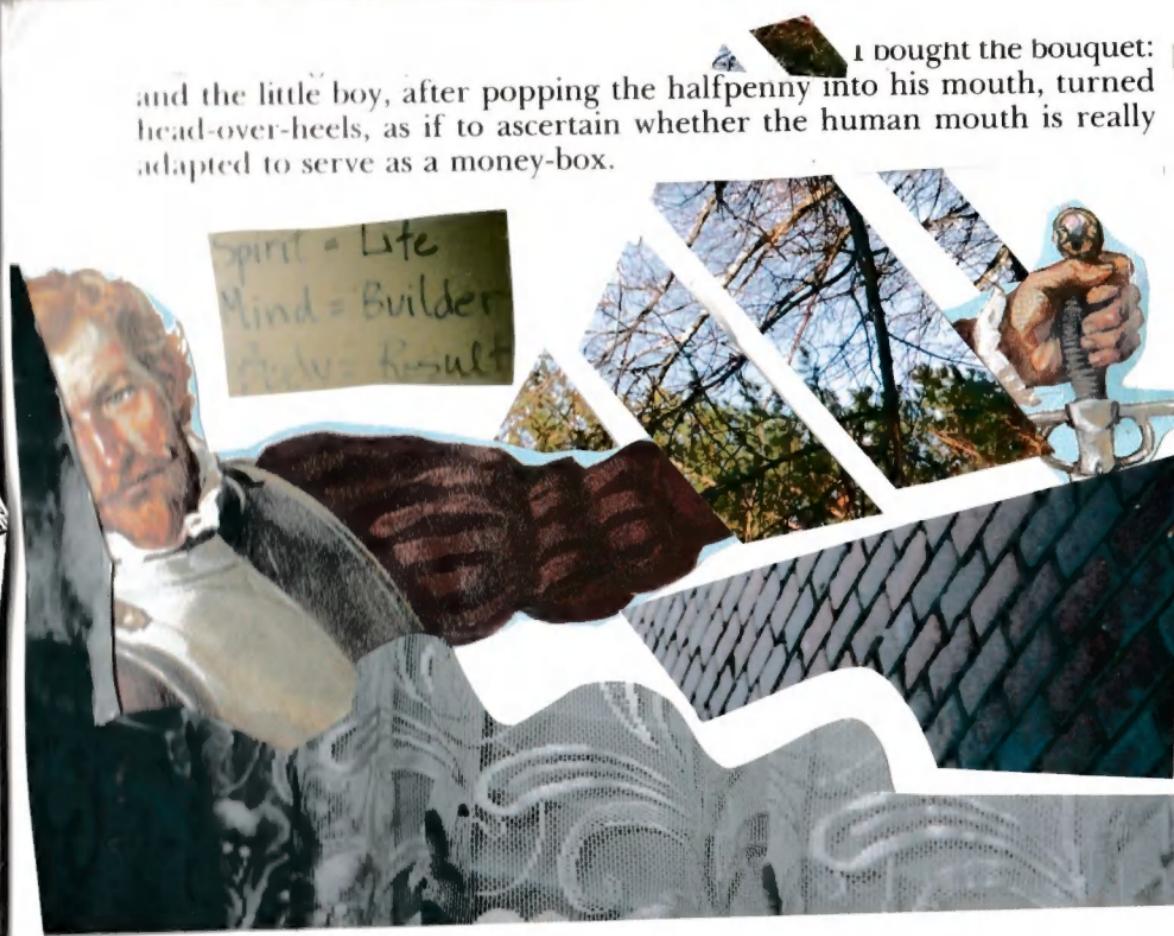
To See, to Record—and to Comment



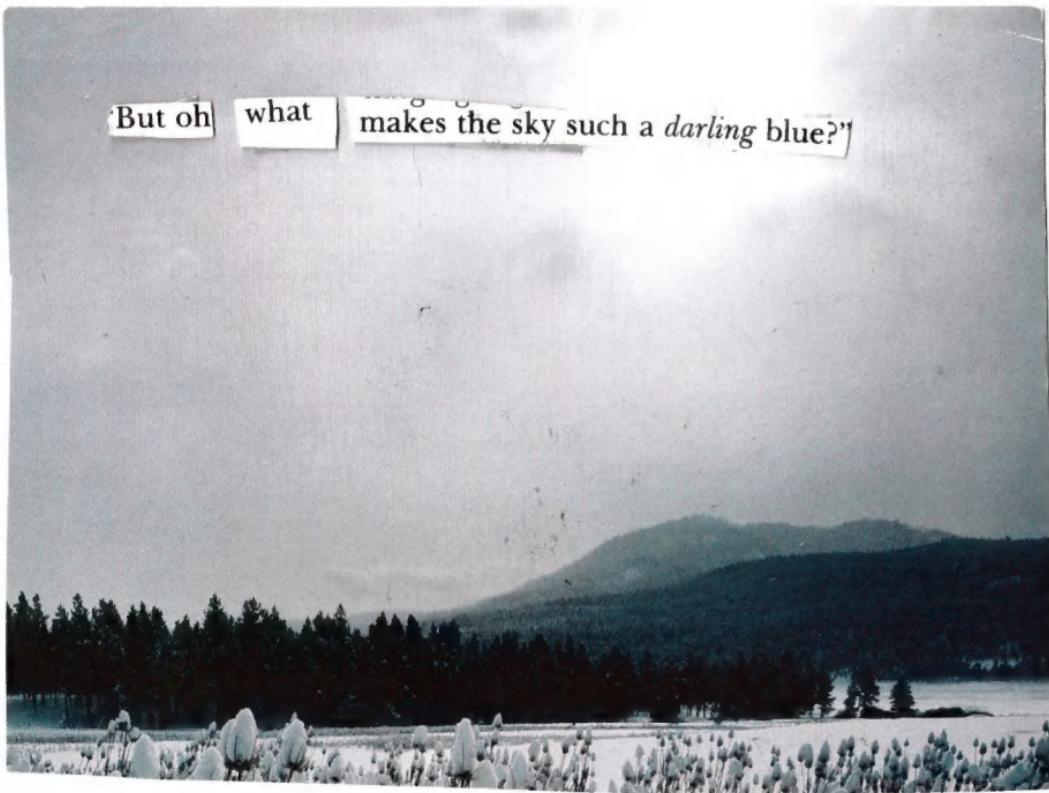
But this time I turned rebel,
and ignored the royal commands.

Such lovely flowers, and of forms so entirely new to me,
were not to be abandoned





But oh what makes the sky such a *darling blue?*"



her voice sounded faint and very far away.





THE END.

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